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Henry Head.

1891.

Dans mes longues heures d'exil, chère Marie,
N'ayant pour me distraire, et pour te parler,
N'ayant plus que cela pour causer à ma mie,
Que du papier, ma plume et mon encrier.

Je façonne des dessins. Pour toi, chère Marie,
J'écris mes chères pensées. Je cherche à proser
Des vers sur ce papier, et cela est mon envie
Pour te plaire, avec ma plume et mon encrier.

Cet encrier et cette plume, bonne Marie,
C'est le seul passe-temps qui, hélas ! m'est accordé,
Mais j'ai toujours peur, et cela est mon ennui,
Que l'on vienne prendre ma plume et mon encrier.

Je le garde dans ma poche, petite Marie,
Jalousement. Car j'en tremble rien que d'y penser ;
Car je vois qu'à tout le monde il fait envie
Car tout le monde est jaloux de mon encrier.

Car cela fait rager les jaloux, bonne Marie,
Que par la plume, je te puisse encore charmer,
Aussi voilà pourquoi leur cruelle jalousie
Fait que de rage, ils ont brisé mon encrier.



VERSES

BY

ROBINSON KAY LEATHER, M.A.

London University

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

MDCCCXCI

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IN MEMORIAM

S. L.

818565



To those who have seen them in MS. and have wished to see them in print, and to any of a wider public to whom they may be acceptable, I offer the following verses.

To critics I offer their faults--many and palpable.

R. K. L.



ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

- Page 26, *for* glassiest *read* glossiest.
- „ 38, „ dwon „ down.
- „ 49, „ bar close „ and bar.
- „ 54, „ a turning „ returning.
- „ 54, „ there „ then.
- „ 66, „ fear „ hear.
- „ 69, „ The „ At.
- „ 73, „ Sleep „ sleep.
- „ 80, *read* Horace Ode II. 10; lines
6 and 7, *read* Shall own no
squalid tumble down abode, nor
shall the envious; *for* yesterday
read Yesterday.
- „ 83, indent line 5.
- „ 85, *for* Spunge *read* sponge.



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I.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

"NOT yet, not yet, his labour is not done ;
Above the furrow climbs the burning sun."

"But when the noontide heat is heaviest,
Shall there not be for him one hour of rest? "

"No rest, no rest, until the evening."

"But when the beasts have done their field-plough-
ing,

And in their stalls asleep their toil forget,
And on the board the evening meal is set? "

"Too late, too late, his labour is laid by,
The night upon the field lies heavily."

"But when the night is risen up and gone,
Shall he not too arise and labour on? "

"No more, no labour more, by day or night."

(And when the beasts move in the early light,
There's Jack and Bill to guide the plough aright,
To sow and cut and gather in the wheat,
At feasting time to drink and sit and eat.)

EARLY MORNING.

AND now there is a stirring in the house.
The shutters open : through the corridors
By rushlight in her hand the sleepy drudge
Is seen to pass, and soon is heard her brush
That knocks upon the grate between the bars.

Two masons going to their wall half-built,
Hard by the tavern-door, beneath the hedge,
The pedlar see, that drank with them last night :
They pick him up and, on a stretcher laid,
Carry him to the beadle ; for the parish
Will give him horse and coach and burial :
And then betake them to their work, being late,
And build their wall before the set of day.

THE PORTRAIT.

APELLES, lay your brush aside,
You cannot paint to-day ;
Though laughing children pass the door,
And birds sing on the spray,
Your heart knows well their lips have lied,
That cry " 'Tis May,"
Its beat is stilled by wintry cold,
Your heart, though young, to-day is old.

To-day upon the banks of Styx
It sees old Charon's boat,
Slow winding in among the reeds,
Remote and more remote ;
The obol from her mouth is gone :
Remote, remote,
You gaze and gaze, with outstretched hand,
Vain-longing for the further strand.

Apelles, nothing incomplete
May suit your perfect mind ;
Watch, watch, until the envious dark
No trace have left behind ;

So shall your sorrow incomplete
Completion find,
And you her deathless face portray
On Parian stone untouched to-day.

THE BRIDAL OF THE NIGHT.

THE shadows of the kingly Night
Come through the dark east wall,
Where flits a pale and shrouded light
Between dark columns, left and right,
Exceeding tall.

The beams and shadows of the Night
Troop thro' his high wide hall.
All round—beneath the mazy flight
Of starry lamps—spun fine and white,
Cloud-draperies fall.

Behold the melancholy Night
In his glimmering bridal hall !
He dances in the darkling light,
And bitter sad is the dusky wight,
And wondrous tall.

The Moon is dancing with the Night ;
She floats through his ebon hall,
Leaned back on his shoulder in delight ;
On her lovely face all ivory-bright
Dark kisses fall.

The moonbeams and the shades of Night
To each other sing and call ;
And they follow the Moon in her noiseless flight
To her cloudy bed with the kingly Night
 'Thro' the dark west wall.

THE CHURN-WORKER.

(To G. W. J.)

IN dull black frame, gilt lining, when I wake,
I look at her ; she never looks at me,
For never to the studio came she,
Her bread to win, nor painter's name to make.
Not so did Millet, tho' wise heads did shake.
But her remembering, and such as she,
Thus haply seen at work in Normandy,
Thought much, and painted for his art's sweet sake.

Most neatly plainly clad, arms bare stands she,
Strong, upright, pure, well-featured, village born,
The staff her hands mechanically turn,
Her eyes are never lifted from the churn.
She feels the mouser purr against her knee,
While through the open door fresh blows the
morn.

THE MATERIALIST.

“MAKE me a graven image ; I would pray.”
He made a proud fair woman out of clay,
Fashioned a house for worship, set her there,
An organ builded, bade his men prepare.
These frankincense and cinnamon and myrrh,
And these a carven cup and plate of gold,
And knife and napkin ; one a flask to hold
Wine ; one to bake a loaf of wheaten bread :
Then came and summoned me ; “Go pray,” he
said.

I presently went thither-ward to pray,
And kneeled before the image wrought of clay,
The organ heard and smelled a strange sweet
smell,
Ate of the bread, drank wine, and said “’Tis
well.”

THE GUM GIRLS.

(To ADA.)

MARY, Maggie, Janet, Jane
And Susan all day long
Hammer the gum thro' shine and rain—
Rat-a-tat, tat, tat, ding-dong.
The sunshine's here and the swallow's come,
And they snip and chip the glittering gum.

Mary had a bonnet on
Tied tight beneath her chin,
All five they sang in unison
To the hammers' tuneful din.
"The swallow's here and the fat bees hum,
And we tap and rap the golden gum."

And Maggie's hair was very red,
But Mary's eye was blue,
And Susan had a curly head,
And Jane and Janet too.
The fat bee grumbled, "It's hot to hum,
And much too hot to hammer gum."

Long ago from a tall green tree
The golden gum did drip :
Long afterward over the big blue sea
It came in a tall white ship.
“ It’s cool in here, if you’d only come,”
Said they to the bee, as they chipped the gum.

Mary, Maggie, Janet, Jane
And Susan all day long
No longer hammer thro’ shine or rain—
Rat-a-tat, tat, tat, ding-dong.
The sunshine’s here and the swallow’s come,
But they chip no longer the dusty gum.

PATERNAL SYMPATHY.

TOM'S toad^{*} was dead ; he put it in a card-board
box,
And buried it. His garden plot I passed,
And saw him stand there, weeping bitterly :
So I, that could not weep for Tommy's toad,
Bent down and kissed him on the eyes and mouth.

THE GOOSE CHASE.

(SUMMER, 1889.)

My father sent me chasing geese
One sunny day in June,
So I set forth, aged twenty-five
That sunny day in June.

With glassiest ink anointed, I
Made music on the quills—
“See, father, see the enchanted fowls
Come lumbering o’er the hills.”

Said Father, “Put them in a pie”—
I readily consent ;
We wrangle o’er the merry thought,
That bone of discontent.

THE CANDLE AND THE GUST.

(A PARABLE.)

I SET a candle on the sill,
Before a casement wide ;
The even flame burned steadily,
Nor bent to either side.

But soon among the silent trees
The envious gust was heard,
And with an eager pulse of life
The candle flamed and flared.

Had I shut out the cruel gust,
Upon the darkening sill
With even flame all quietly
That light were shining still.

BROTHERS.

Two childish portraits from the wall look down,
Two elder brothers' faces looking down.

We catch their eyes upon us, as in dream,
Their wakeful, watchful eyes on us, who dream.

Then in the mind there stirs a thought deep-hidden
Of elder brothers' bones, that moulder hidden.

II.

No work, they say, is lost,
Tho' much it cost,
Much more the gain ;
And would'st thou pleasure reap,
And quiet sleep ?
Shalt sow with pain.

ABIGAIL AND ANDREW.

CONTENT to be forgotten and forget,
Joyful they meet and part without regret.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

WITH Mary William early plighted troth ;
One home, one purse, one grave sufficed for both.

ARISTOTELES LOQUITUR.

BELIEF

Put thou

In *here* and *now*,

Not *when* and *if*.

To-MORROW's voice he does not hear,
Nor yet the chatter of To-day ;
But steadfast keeps, a widower,
His wedlock-faith with Yesterday.

THE MAJORITY.

'Twas said the ghosts had ceased to walk o' nights,
Yet still they come, unquiet as of old—
Shadows that cannot rest, tho' none recall
Their habitation in the flesh : which yet
Have lived—were born, took suck, got children,
died ;
But long ago have fallen from the record,
So long ago their very names are lost.

KEATS.

HE lived intensely, while he lived ;
He loved intensely, whom he loved ;
He wrote intensely, what he wrote ;
Nor knew satiety.

Dwon here within the valley it is cold,
Most cold—and dark ; we stumble, even halt ;
Yet thro' thick blinding vapour some have seen
The distant, snowy, sunlit mountain-top.

HITHER in the sunshine,
Hence in the snow,
Shed are the petals,
The lamp burns low.

HIC JACET.

AT six, he put a seedling in the mould ;
And sat beneath its shade, when he was old :
And still beneath it lies, now he is dead :
And over him each year its leaves are shed.

III.

BUBBLES.

'Tis sweet at noontide from the glare
And hot thick traffic otherwhere
To pause where hangs some picture rare
 Of meadow grass unmown ;
And sweeter 'tis 'mid thicker strife
That grows about our growing life
To meet a boy whose years are brief
 And all the world unknown.

While at our pipe we puff amain—
A sweet narcotic from the brain
To keep aloof its thoughts of pain—
 See him with joyous care,
That grows from nothing into sight,
A bubble, rainbow-hued and light
As his boy's fancy, with delight
 Let float into the air.

And as the bubble through the room,
Of its frail beauty venturesome,
Nowhither bound from nowhere come,
 Passes with passing show,

In idle mood we moralize,
" 'Tis better to be fool than wise,
To run the race than hold the prize,
And not to know than know."

At length the shafted Sun shall fail of strength,
And all his kingdoms shall go out like flame,
And there shall be thick darkness through the
worlds ;

And Jupiter shall turn his giant bulk
In vain, nor Saturn profit of his moons ;
And Neptune swiftly running at the edge,
The world's circumference, shall then be 'ware
Of twilight changed to dark, and rumours strange
Shall fill his people with perplexity.

BEAUTY and Toil
(Tho' each alone but seem
Drudgery and emptiness,
Spiritless and bodiless,
But vacant matter,
Immaterial force)
Together, guide the years,
And know not age nor death :
All things above they guide,
All things beneath,
The peasant at his plough,
The turning spheres.

REST.

WHEN the Sun and the golden Day
Hand in hand are gone away,
At your door shall Sleep and Night
Come and knock in the fair twilight :
 Let them in, twin travellers blest ;
 Each shall be an honoured guest
 And give you rest.

They shall tell of the stars and moon,
And their lips shall move to a glad sweet tune,
Till upon your cool white bed
Fall at last your nodding head ;
 Then in Dreamland fair and blest
 Farther off than East or West,
 They give you rest.

Night and Sleep, that goodly twain,
Tho' they go, shall come again ;
When you work and play are done
And the Sun and Day are gone
 Hand in hand thro' the scarlet West,
 Each shall come, an honoured guest,
 And bring you rest.

Watching at your window-sill,
If upon the Eastern hill
Sun and Day come back no more,
They shall lead you from the door
 To their kingdom calm and blest,
 Farther off than East or West,
 And give you rest.

HOPE.

By longing and divine unrest
Our daily spirit hold possessed,
 Sweet Hope omnipotent,
And let us seek, tho' never find,
Nor sit and nod, our senses blind,
 In a land of dull content.

We do not ask thee to be true,
Thy promptings false we shall not rue,
 If only thou be fair ;
And tho' thou go, yet more we burn
And 'bide thy certain late return,
 Unmindful of despair.

Yet an thou wilt not come to us,
No longer in the lonely house
 We'll stand with bated breath ;
But take our scrip, bar close the door,
And track thy feet across the moor
 To the dark land of death.

TO R. LE G.

IF thou a poet be,
Let none behold
The inner sanctuary :
Bar close the door ;
Then all thou hast
Of metal unalloyed
On the high altar cast,
Until the void
With incense-offering
Be full ; and there adore
With head bowed down to earth the Deity
Who shall not then withhold
From thee
Sweet songs to sing
To them without ;
Who well may doubt
Where in the discord round
Thou may'st have found
Thy songs to sing—
Sweet songs to sing.

Song, song, sweet song,
From the discordant throng
Thou fliest far !
If he a poet be,
Would he might divine
That song of thine !
Then, singing in their midst, all still
Should grow the discord, and a thrill
Should stay the pilgrim on his pilgrimage,
Should make the buyer and the seller
 ' pause,
Pause from their trafficking,
Awake the trifier to the things that are—
Yet not with clamouring
As at a kingly equipage,
With loud applause
And clapping of the hand,
But all should spellbound stand
To hear the song.

Alas ! that song
No man may learn,
Although he yearn.
Natheless by sacrifice
And well-purged ears
Some fragment he may learn
And understand ;

As Moses might not see
The face of Deity
(Who with his hand
Held out before his servant's eye
Passed by) yet saw him passing by.

Wherefore if thou be
A poet, jestingly
Thou shalt not sing,
Nor sing for fame,
Nor from the throng
Ask coppers for thy song.

Song, song, sweet song,
From the discordant throng
Thou fliest far.
They cannot see
Where song doth dwell ;
If thou a poet be,
Say, canst thou tell ?

TO ———.

[WITH A COPY OF CATULLUS.]

THE student to the singer sends a discord,
Writ (horrid word !) in all aischrography ;
And to his eyes which love the beautiful,
In crudest green a soiled small book. Ah me !
Thus sinning, how atone ? Nootherhow
(Oh ! barbarous Saxon compound) save his ear
Late set on edge by these harsh jarring lines,
Shall make the deaf dead singer sing anew,
Songs sweeter than wild honey dripping down,
Which once in Rome to Lesbia he sang.

SONG.

THE lamp it is burning,
The sand it is flowing,
Nor is there a turning
Whence thou art going.

Burn brightly, burn brightly,
Flow swifter than fire,
And drink thou, drink nightly
The wine of desire.

To seize what life offers
Thy spirit embolden,
And fill up thy coffers
With moments all golden.

For brief is our sun-life,
A gleam on the river,
There where shadows run, life
For ever and ever.

A SCHOOLBOY'S LETTER.

IN verse, my sister dear, I write,
For just as when Green's fish won't bite
His paste à *Walton* from the hook
Old Ilsley takes with steadfast look,
And soon he substitutes for that
A wasp grub nicely browned and fat ;
So, when my prose meets no response
From distant academic haunts,
Who knows but rhyme may fire your pen
To tell of things unseen by men ?
How every night thrice half-score girls
Embrace with intermingling curls,
Till Everard, who from his den
Hears the loud kisses, eight, nine, ten,
(Philosopher of widest theories)
Quite longs to kiss the little dearies,
Believing Nature ne'er would cast
Profusion on his desert waste
And not allow him e'en to taste.
But Mrs. Bartlett says " No ! No !
No ! Everard, you must not go."

But tho' he yields, no peace is there ;
He broods and broods within his lair,
And often torn with amorous pain
Half thinks to break the cruel chain,
And take his share in evening blisses
Of thrice three hundred nightly kisses.¹

Or haply how at table set,
With appetites by fasting whet,
The flock are gathered—callow chicks
With open bills and pretty tricks.
See the revered hen ! in state,
She clucketh : wisdom, caution, great
Solicitude from Mrs. Bartlett
In showers fall—as, “ Jane, a tartlet ? ”
“ Mary, your elbows ! ” Then a tale
Droppeth like honey. Autumn gale !
Slow wandering o'er Tiffin Hill,
Dost not all with fragrance fill ?
When once again thou meet'st the bee,
Dost thou not with those girls agree
And cry, “ O bee ! leave all your store
Make thy sweet honey nevermore !

¹ To the mathematical student. The custom at Tiffin Hill was for each girl to kiss every other each night. Correct or justify the author's computation.

Leave thy bright flowers and sunny rill
And fly with me to Tiffin Hill " ?

The leaves are falling from the trees,
Sad helpless playthings of the breeze.
Yellow, brown and red they lie,
Trampled by each passer-by.
To the mill my footsteps bore me,
Pixie trotting on before me.
Still the sails to-day were seen
O'er the stone-encircled green,
And the sun shone fiercely red
Through the dusky clouds that sped,
Spirits that no rest may find,
Fleeing from the western wind
O'er his disk of ruddy gold.
Car Snaily's sitting by my side,
Blue-spectacled and dignified,
I do declare she's reading Greek :
How you would love her nose to tweak !
She's gone ! I couldn't hold her quite.
She sends her love and would you'd write.

October, 1884.

LAUGHTER.

LET's laugh and laugh, my sister dear,
And for love's losses shed no tear,
For they are dead—and gone (thank God)
Beneath the sod.

LOVE.

THE crowded mart's metallic chink
Makes greedy eyes to gloat and wink,
It magnifies each lesser part,
But love alone can touch the heart :
For love is like the heavenly dew
Hid round the rose the long day through,
That comes unsought, like to a friend
Most true, and faithful to the end.

(TO G. W. J.)

GOOD-BYE, old friend ; to Paris town
Go, work at art and win renown ;
That when you walk upon the street,
Your friends, with hearts that proudly beat,
May nudge their friends to look and see,
And whisper hoarsely, "That is he !"

FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL, but not puffed up ; short-lived, yet uncomplaining, because they never rebuke nor instruct we yield ourselves to the influence of flowers, unconsciously and without irritation, become their worshippers, yet not theirs, but worshippers of Beauty, whose ministers they are ; for "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

CONGREVE.

YE virtuous, give ear to Congreve, who
Made virtue but the target of his jest,
Whose gallant wits their lawless amorous quest,
As wanton boys the butterfly, pursue ;
Dull moralist, give ear to Congreve, who
Made goodness but the target of his jest ;
The chase and not the capture gave him zest,
And goodness then was counterfeit, not true.

Yet his transcendent wit that could transmute
And burnish baser metal like to gold,
Would, else applied, humanity unbrute ;
A brainless world 'twould leave, with heart all cold
The arrows of such wit none else may shoot ;
Men praise the archer, let old women scold.

TO TOMMY.

CRY, baby, to your senseless grief,
The exercise affords relief,
And cry again when you are big,
And bigger boys your bottom wig,
When Johnny wins Matilda's love,
When Billy's dead and "gone above";
But, Tommy, when you are a man,
Drown grief with tears you never can.

*“Extra fortunam est, si quid donatur amico ; quas dederis,
solas semper habebis opes.”*

AH ! passion clogs each quivering sense,
And wine besots the brain,
And hope like Atalanta runs—
Pursuit is vain,
And love is richer than all these—
In pain ;
Yet if we pity took to wife
Bare to the bone, she'd strip our life.

"THE truest thing in life is poetry,"
'Tho' many things most true unwritten be ;
For Man, with tongue in half-truths quick of pace,
When Truth herself shall look him in the face,
Is dumb, the colour changes in his cheek,
He babbles like a child and cannot speak.

THE END OF MY DESIRE.

THE sun, the moon, a star, a fair, sad face ;
A word, a hand-grip, or a noble deed—
I ask not more than this : to live, to live
To feel and touch and smell, to fear and see !
To think and think, and act, and then to die.
What higher recompense ? And Pain I thank,
Am thankful for each failure, each mishap,
Each grievous loss ; well knowing each must bring
In equal measure victory, success,
Gain, triumph.

Therefore, if I pray, I pray
For wine, not water ; joy and pain unmixed—
With lesser things not mixed, but pain and joy
To haggle, guzzle, cheat, grow rich, and drowse ;
A mossy stone, deep-bedded, self-encased,
Not feel another's pain, not hear his cry,
Not stretch my hand to lift him from the mire ;
To scorn and hate and envy, laugh—pass by ;
From these I would be free ; would give, not take ;
Be cheated, sleepless, houseless, hungry, poor—
A wanderer on the earth ; so might I share

Her restlessness and change, her strength, her
speed !

I would, but cannot compass what I would ;
I pray, but know not how or whom to pray ;
And yet—to pray and wish, e'en this is much.

DEATH.

BID hope and fear shake hands and go,
And him ascend that waits below,
That sits and waits for each and all,
Who, willy-nilly, at his call
Dismiss their guests and say, "Good-bye."
("O'ertaken by calamity,"
The guests do whisper.) Foe or friend,
He calls to them, it is the *end*.

THE SACRAMENT.

“ Do this, remembering Me ” : so Jesus bade.
I take the bread and wine, remembering :
In act materialistic mystical,
His body and His blood, which give me life.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

HE walked beside the lake of Galilee
And called the passing fishers, him and him ;
Then through the corn-field walked, this ear and
that

Remarking : as they grew and parched,
And came and went. Yet that and this,
And he and he yet live, his thought containing,
Live ever, so containing and contained.
He lived in mystical materialism ;
He lived alone the proper life of man.

“ He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.”

WITH wanton hand they chased away
The constant Hour, nor heard it say,
“ Read, read my folded page ;
I hymn the golden Age.

That gleams beyond the blind dark grave ;
I sing of Christ, all strong to save :
O gaze into the deep,
Awaken from your sleep !”

Loud rose its song as tempest's roar
Or ocean thundering on the shore,
And through the gates of night
Rolled Calvary's awful light.

AN EASTER HYMN.

THE icy boughs have ceased their moan,
For hoary-headed winter's flown,
 Death lost in victory ;
The tender seed puts forth its head,
For Jesus lay among the dead
 But now is risen on high.

O Spring, weak type—as types must be—
Of golden immortality !

 O Grave, thou gate of Heaven !
O Death, thou render of the veil,
That cloaks our mortal vision frail,
 Bright star of life's dark even !

Teach us to join with those above
In hymns to His eternal love ;
 To praise with every breath
His power uttermost to save,
In sin removed, and conquered grave,
 In stingless reign of death.

DER TOD ALS FREUND.

WHEN on the bed of pain I lie,
And thoughts like hornets inward fly,
And sleep derisive stands afar ;
Of Was and Is to leap the bar
The fancy prone, leaps eagerly,
And imminent anon can see
(And scarce her joy she can control)
Death standing with his Lethe-bowl.
Alas ! that vision vanished quite
Hath Sleep recalled. The kindly night
Encircles me, and free from pain
The thoughts lie quiet in the brain.

IV.

UNRHYMED LYRICS.

“Rime . . . a thing of itself to
all judicious ears trivial and of no
true musical delight.”—MILTON.



THE flowers and flies beneath the sun
their painted wings and petals ope ;
they shudder at each cloud and wind,
 and night is death :
Disdaining aught of wind or storm,
nor charmed to verdure by the sun,
in lone austerity abides
 the mountain-peak.

And one nor turns to right nor left,
in sovereign loneliness apart ;
calamity disdains not less
 than joy or love :
And one to every passion turns,
a scale, whereon the elements
make song or discord as they will,
 lay by or break.

DREAMER AND WORKMEN.

IF thou art a dreamer, say,
“What has been, is,” and gather in
to-morrow’s harvest, speaking thus,
“Howe’er it seem to *you*, the dream ”
(thou art omnipotent in dreams)
“the dream is *mine*.”

And those low-bending workmen, mark—
their eyes are set upon their toil,
nor do they speculate ; you ask
of yesterday, but they reply,
bending yet closer to their work,
“We have forgot.”

A SERMON IN BRICKS.

THOU shalt not hope nor dream
for castles built in air
do easiest fall ;
mark yonder line of bricks
upon the tower ; the man
that mortared them is dead,
his name forgotten ; still
his work abides.

HORACE OD. II.

Who presses ever to the deep,
or cautiously in fear of storm
too closely hugs the treacherous shore,
his life, my friend, is marred ;
but whoso keeps the golden mean,
shall own no squalid tumble-down abode
Nor shall the envious
misname it palace-see.
More often with the lofty tree
the winds are at war, with heavier crash
high towers do fall, the lightnings play
about the highest mountain-peak.
On either side prepared, receive
success in fear, adversity
in hope. The hideous winter comes
at nod of God, in turn
withdraws ; nor tho' to-day my lot
be ill, shall it be so for aye ;
tho' song be hushed, Apollo wrath,
he yet shall sing again :

in poverty courageous be
and strong, yet (if thou'rt wise, my friend)
straight, when the wind too strongly blows,
reef in the swelling sail.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

Boy, should you meet a pretty wench
unseen, alone, at twilight hour,
 ask not her name ;
for on the crowded street at noon
she ill could brook the glare and gaze,
and Jack and Bill would call her plain,
and it were nothing but a dream,
 and you would wake.

Ask no forget-me-not, nor name
a trysting-place, for she will change,
 and you will change :
but if upon your memory
no single detail you imprint,
perchance will come into your mind
her witchery all unawares,
 at twilight hour.

FURTHER ADVICE TO A BOY.

To-morrow beckons on the hill,
and from the vale is heard the call
 of yesterday, "Come back."
Boy, when these phantom voices call,
shut close your ears with wax,
and firmer hold the guiding hand
of her that trudges at your side,
 whose name is called To-day.

TO ———.

ALAS, I cannot write a word,
and what I'd say remains unsaid :
perhaps you will not understand
my wish to speak, who speechless am—
like to a dog his master by ;
will whine, and look into his face,
and wag its tail and lick his hand.

LIFE.

MANKIND is like a tiny boy
that builds upon the sand,
and Fate is like the sea ;
and Man is as a dreamy child,
draws pictures on his slate,
and Death is like the sponge.
With ne'er a thought of Fate or Death,
ah, happy they that build and dream.

SONG.

I SEE the sunshine through the trees,
I hear the lark that sings on high,
My life is calm as summer seas ;

Men tell me of the roaring wind,
Of broken ships and darkened homes,
But bring no meaning to my mind ;

I laugh and laugh the whole long day,
And night to me is one bright dream,
With me the month is ever May :

And Sorrow listening, muttered low,
Know'st not the promise of thy birth?—
'Twas "Sorrow shalt thou never know.'

MARY J. L.

TO MY CELESTIAL FRIEND.

I HAVE a friend, both stout and fair ;
He has a clear grey eye,
His friend and he are quite a pair,
I call them Gemini.

And this is all I have to say,
I fain that I had more ;
And so good bye to thee, my friend,
From a friend to the heart's core.

A. J. L. (*Obiit* 1871, *Aet.* 14.)

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